

## Them

## The Haunted

I won't be your alibi for disaster  
No more pathetic rehashes  
I've heard enough  
Predictable and self-pitying thing  
Escalate your prolonged suicide  
Poor thing  
You're almost there!

Come on!  
Come on  
Give this man a hand!

Could we have,  
Could we have a standing ovation?

And you can't break it off  
It seems a fate worse than death  
You're repeating the same mistakes again  
"I've been here before but I'll try it again"  
Over and over and over and over again

You're just like everyone  
You're just like them

So in love with a monster  
And a precious lie  
But someone's got to pay  
For each and every single fuck up

Your fingernails don't count  
For much it claws are what you're looking for  
But you won't need them where you're going  
The only thing that keeps all this together  
Is a lucid dream

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